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one of a male and two apparently of females, were, in the progress of some recent researches, found in the tomb.

The restoration of the choir is, as I am writing, being undertaken by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Ireland, who have come forward in a liberal spirit to meet the public wish. I cannot close my present paper without giving honour to whom honour is due: the preservation of this architectural gem is due to the incumbent of Youghal, the Rev. Pierce William Drew. This gentleman, whose taste and zeal are conspicuous, has not only munificently contributed to the restoration of the choir, but has continually expended large sums of money on the other portions of the church. In his hands the sacred edifice promises, ere long, to be what the Earl of Cork boastfully declared that he had made it—"one of the fairest churches in Ireland."

CROMWELL AT CARLOW.

BY ROBERT MALCOMSON, ESQ.

"CROMWELL at Carlow!" the accurate observer of the history of our country may exclaim. "Surely here is a misnomer—for although at the period of the Great Rebellion, the castle and town of Catherlough yielded to the arms of the victorious Parliament—'Oliver the Protector' does not appear to have been ever personally here." Well, our critic is perhaps right. Ubiquity is one of the qualities which have as yet to be added by hero-worshippers to the character of Cromwell. At the precise period of the siege of Carlow, it is certain "His Highness" had returned from his Irish campaign, for the dispatch of "urgent and important business," to England; but it is unlikely that his watchful eye never rested on that town in his progress through its vicinity, or that he did not stop to contemplate the reduction of so important a garrison as that of Carlow on his marches to Ross and Innistigue. Be this as it may, the spirit and genius of Cromwell were ably represented before the walls of Carlow by the ministers of his policy—Ireton and Sir Hardress Waller—and so we have selected the alliterative title, "Cromwell at Carlow," more to point attention to the period than the person.

Before referring to the scanty details which history and tradition have handed down to us of this the last actual siege of Carlow, it may not be uninteresting or unnecessary to take a brief review of the actual posture of affairs at the time.

The 30th of January, 1649, had been a remarkable era in England. The streets of London had that day witnessed a scene which was regarded in the most opposite lights by the two great

parties of the time. The civil war had terminated in the triumph of the Parliament over the House of Stuart. The execution of Charles was looked upon by the then dominant party as an act of necessary retributive justice, while, by the adherents of monarchy, it was execrated as the very acme of treason and impiety. The axe, according to some, had descended upon the head of a tyrant; while others viewed the fatal stroke as the climax of a glorious martyrdom. And in these distinct views does the transaction continue to be contemplated even in our own day. Before this Society, however, where the defunct politics of former ages, as well as the animated controversies of the present day, are alike excluded, it would be impertinent to pursue our reflections upon the theme; suffice it to say, that the struggle which had convulsed England for some years had ended in the abolition, for the time, of the monarchical form of government, and the establishment of a commonwealth, or republic—that, according to some, anarchy had begun—according to others, freedom had dawned.

But although the Parliament had thus effected the subjugation of England, Ireland—then, as now, the greatest difficulty of English statesmen—had not been reduced. Whilst the conflict raged in England, this country had been, necessarily, comparatively overlooked in the struggle which required all their energies at home, so that Ireland, under the Marquis of Ormonde, still held out for royalty. On the death of the first Charles, his son and legitimate successor was proclaimed in Ireland as king, under the title of Charles II. Dublin, however, and some other places, were garrisoned by the friends of the Parliament. Ormonde, on the other hand, was in the field, with an army of 16,000 men. Monk, the parliamentary general, retired from Dundalk, which, with Drogheda, Newry, and other places, espoused the royal cause, and the affairs of the Viceroy assumed so prosperous an aspect, that the young King himself entertained the notion of appearing in Ireland.

In this posture the Parliament of England began to turn their attention upon Ireland, and this country afforded so favourable a field for enterprise and glory, that the post of Deputy, or Lord Lieutenant, inspired the ambition of more than one of the leaders of the Commonwealth. Waller and Lambert had both been candidates for this high commission, and each had many supporters. After the execution of the King, the “foremost man of all,” Oliver Cromwell, aspired to the dignity. The unanimous choice of the Parliament fell upon him, and he speedily set about the discharge of his duties in his new appointment. He despatched before him into Ireland a contingent of 4000 horse and foot under Reynolds and Venables, to the assistance of Jones, who held Dublin for him. This reinforcement enabled Jones, on the 2nd of August, 1649, to rout the Marquis of Ormonde at Baggotsrath, near Dublin, with

a loss of 1000 slain, and double that number prisoners. On the 15th of the same month Cromwell reached the harbour of Dublin, where he landed a force of 8000 foot, half that number of horse, with all the sinews of war, including a formidable train of artillery, and a sum of twenty thousand pounds in money.

Cromwell was received in the capital with shouts and rejoicing, but he sat not down in viceregal ease. Tredah, or Drogheda, the nearest frontier town on the north, where lay the principal strength of his adversaries, first commanded his attention, and thither he hastened, resolved to spread abroad the terror of his name by a signal and bloody example. Ormonde, on his discomfiture at Rathmines, anticipating an assault on Tredah, had poured into the town a garrison of 2000 foot and 300 horse, well supplied with arms, ammunition, and provisions, and had intrusted the defence and government of the town to a gallant officer, Sir Arthur Ashton.

Cromwell, with a force of no less than 10,000 men, soon reached the gates of Tredah, and surveyed the fortifications. His operations were immediate, vigorous, and decisive. He summoned the governor to surrender, and, hardly waiting for his refusal, thundered with his artillery against the walls. Having made a sufficient breach, the assault was given. Twice were his troops repulsed by the valour of the besieged. In the third attempt, headed by the Deputy himself, the place was taken, and Cromwell and Ireton, sword in hand, were the first to enter the town. Promises of quarter were given to all who would lay down their arms—"a promise," as Leland says, "only observed until all resistance was at an end." No quarter was given, orders having been issued to put the entire garrison to the sword.

"This execrable policy," Leland tells us, "had the intended effect." Trim and Dundalk were immediately possessed by Cromwell. Venables was detached into Ulster. Carlingford was reduced; Newry surrendered; Lisburn fell; Belfast capitulated in four days after his approach; Coleraine was betrayed; and the whole country reduced, except the fort of Carrickfergus.

In October Cromwell stood before Wexford. This place, too, Ormonde had supplied with a garrison of nearly 2000 men; but all resistance was futile, and the massacre of Tredah was re-enacted at Wexford. Ross next surrendered upon articles, but the siege of Duncannon, after a gallant defence by Wogan the officer in command, was abandoned by Ireton. Distress now began to be felt by the invading army—an epidemic spread amongst the troops, who perished in numbers, while the severity of the weather and the scarcity of provisions combined to dishearten the survivors. In the spring, however, Cromwell, having received reinforcements from England, took the field again with renewed vigour, and his campaign was attended with universal success. Having made him-

self master of Kilkenny and Clonmel, the only places where he met with any show of resistance, he resigned the care of the army to his lieutenant-general, and embarked for England.

The history of Cromwell's campaign in Ireland as yet remains to be written. Dr. Wilde, of Dublin, whose pen has illustrated so much of the topography of his native country, as of other lands, alludes to this subject in his work on the "Boyne and Blackwater," and refers to the ample materials which exist for the composition of such a work in the numbers of unpublished letters, despatches, orders, and state papers of the time. We hope the fertile genius of Dr. Wilde may be induced to undertake the task.

Towards July the invading army approached Carlow.

Catherlough, or Catherlagh, had been for ages a place of considerable importance for the English interest, although no remains of antiquity exist at the present day, except the ruins of its castle, to attest its former greatness; but this may not seem strange, when even its natural appearance has undergone a complete change in the lapse of years: not a drop of the large sheet of water—which we are told formerly existed here—remaining to support the derivation of its name—"the city on the lake."

In the reign of King John the town received a charter of incorporation from William, Earl Marshal, and Earl of Pembroke, endowing it with very considerable privileges. In the reign of Edward II. it formed the head quarters of the seneschalship of the counties of Carlow and Kildare, instituted on account of the disturbed state of the district. In 1361, under Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., the King's Exchequer was removed from Dublin to Carlow, and twenty years later, we are told, the Court of Common Pleas was held here. The Duke of Clarence expended £600—a considerable sum in those days—in fortifying the town with walls, which have long since vanished with the lake (if any such ever existed) which surrounded them.

By the 2nd of July the army of the Commonwealth had reached Carlow, and were encamped before the castle on the Queen's County side of the river—a field about a quarter of a mile distant being still pointed out as the spot where they rested.

Edmund Ludlow, a major-general in these wars, who has left us a brief account, in his "Memoirs," of the operations, seems to have regarded Carlow as a place of considerable moment to have gained. He, however, talks of our fortress as being merely "a small castle, with a river running under its walls;" but attributes its importance to the fact that the garrison was aided by the favour and regard of the neighbouring country; and he mentions the difficulty the troops experienced in crossing the river, being obliged to erect temporary bridges of ropes, hurdles, and straw, to enable the soldiers to pass over one by one.

With all due respect for General Ludlow's opinion, we fancy the "small" castle must have made a pretty considerable figure in those days, judging from the shattered remains of the building which still exist. Two of the towers, and the connecting wall between them, still remain—a conspicuous object, forming, so to speak, the base of the square of which the entire consisted. The height of the walls is nearly seventy feet, and the span of the side, from tower to tower, will be found to measure one hundred and five feet. From these data, the veriest tyro in geometry may form a tolerably correct idea of its complete extent. It is, even in its present maimed and broken condition, a favourable specimen of the Anglo-Norman fortress. We have a sort of child's affection for this noble ruin, and have often deplored the vicissitude which placed the structure, which had withstood the assaults of time and war for ages, in the hands of that eccentric physician, Dr. Middleton, whose unskilful operations, with the design of converting the castle into a lunatic asylum, effected its overthrow! Any inhabitant of Carlow, who may be old enough to recollect the year before Waterloo was won, will recall to mind how, upon one fine Sunday in that year, the greater portion of the pile fell about their ears with a tremendous crash, the foundation having been undermined by the "mad doctor" in the progress of his alterations.

The era of its foundation we may with certainty fix in the earlier portion of the thirteenth century; but to whom we are to attribute the honour of its erection is a matter on which, like the birth-place of Wellington in our own day, the records of history differ. The generally received and most probable account is, that it was the work of Hugh de Lacy, an English adventurer of Henry the Second's reign, and the predecessor, and afterwards the successor, of Strongbow in the government of Ireland. Mr. Ryan, the historian of Carlow, sums up the authorities upon this point, and we cannot do better than quote his words. His mention of De Lacy introduces the subject—

"This very able man was sensible that in a strange country, and surrounded by enemies, the English could only maintain possession by superior skill and means of defence. He therefore castellated his own district of Meath, and a great part of Leinster. The castles of Carlow, Leighlin-bridge, and Tullow were built by him. The erection of the former structure has been attributed to various other persons; among the rest to Eva, daughter of Dermot Mac Morrough, to Isabel, daughter of Strongbow, to king John, to Hugh le Bigod, fourth earl of Norfolk, and to Bellingham, lord deputy of Ireland. With regard to the first, we do not find that the statement is supported by any ancient record; Eva, or rather Strongbow, her husband, was obviously so much engaged in preserving the existing possessions during his very brief career, as to be completely precluded from devoting time to the erection of extensive structures. With

regard to Isabel; she was conveyed to England on the death of her father, and remained there till her marriage in 1189, and we have no positive evidence, that she returned to Ireland. The castle was certainly in existence previously to the connection of the earl of Norfolk with this country. For we find, that William, Earl Marshal, in his charter to Carlow, mentions 'the castle;' and the earl of Norfolk first acquired his property in Ireland, by marriage with the daughter of the said Earl Marshal. Respecting Bellingham, the assertion is preposterous; as will at once appear, upon mention of the year of his deputyship, which was 1548. Authority, collateral evidence and verisimilitude, all fix upon de Lacy as the founder of the castle of Carlow."—"History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow," pp. 53-4.

Contemporaneous, therefore, with the establishment of the English dominion in this country, the castle, from its infancy, shared the various fortunes of its founders, and gradually gathered strength with the increasing stability of British rule. In the vicissitudes of war it more than once changed owners. In 1494, James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, having thrown off the allegiance of England, seized upon the fortress. So bold a rebel, and so daring an enterprise demanded the immediate attention of the Lord Deputy; and Sir Edward Poynings—a name famous in the history of Anglo-Irish legislation—marched in person to Carlow, and, after a siege of ten days, dispossessed Fitzgerald and recovered the castle. Forty years later, in the reign of Henry VIII., another of the Geraldines, well known in Irish story as "Silken Thomas," rose in rebellion. His success was such, that at one period he held possession of six of the chiefest castles in the kingdom, of which that of Carlow was one. After an active treason of three years, he was captured and beheaded, A.D. 1537, and the castle returned to its former owners.

A structure which had served the interests of its possessors so well was not suffered to fall into decay. On the accession of James I., with the shrewdness proverbial of his nation, we find measures provided for the maintenance of the castle. In the second year of his reign that monarch grants to Donogh, Earl of Thomond, the entire manor of Catherlough, with "the old castle with four turrets, with the precinct and buildings thereunto belonging," with divers lands appurtenant, which are called in the grant "demesne" lands, and in this document the King expressly provides that, "in all works made within the castle, the inhabitants of Carlow are to find six workmen or labourers daily, during the said work, at their own expense; also each tenant and cottager to weed the demesne corn yearly for three days, and a woman out of every house in Carlow to bind the sheaves for one day; each tenant and cottager to cut wood for the use of the castle for three days in summer, and each of them having a draught horse to draw the wood to the castle for three days; also to draw the corn out of the fields to the area of the said castle for three days;

to give one cart-load of wood, and one truss of straw at Christmas and Easter," with other services of a like nature; and, by another royal grant of the same date, he confers upon the Earl, and his son, Brian O'Brien, the office of constable of the castle of Carlow.—*"History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow,"* pp. 121, 122.

To return again to our purpose. Before sunset of that 2nd of July, 1650, Cromwell's "Ironsides" were seated before the town. Animated by intelligence which had reached them of the success of the Parliamentary forces in Scotland, and now resolved upon immediate and more active service here, the day had been spent in preparations for an assault upon the town, the planting of their artillery, and the selection of a suitable position for the troops. Foremost throughout the scene, directing every movement, inspecting the slightest operation, and animating his soldiers by a word of advice, correction, or encouragement, is observed Ireton, the leader of this expedition—active, vigilant, and self-denying—"everything," in the words of Cooke, Chief Justice of Munster, his especial friend, "everything from a foot soldier to a general." We follow him to his tent. He orders a trumpet to go forth to demand a parley with the garrison. He seats himself, draws forth writing materials, and, lawyer as he was, pens the following "writ of summons in ejectment:"—

"To the Governor of Carlow Castle.

"SIR,

"We have been your gentle Neighbours hitherto, doing little more than looking upon you. But the Time being come now that we are like to deal in earnest with your Garrison as effectually and speedily as God shall enable us. That I may not be wanting on my Part to save any of the Blood which may be spilled therein, I am willing, upon a timely Surrender, to give Terms to so fair an Enemy (especially if I find you inclinable to a more peaceable Condition for the Future). I thought good therefore to send you this Summons, requiring you to surrender the Castle of Carlow, with the Furniture of War therein, into my Hands, for the use of the Parliament and Common-wealth of England, to which I expect your present Answer.

"Your humble servant,

"H. IRETON.

"July the 2nd, 1650."

This unusually courteous summons was despatched to the castle by an officer of Ireton's, probably either Major Anthony Morgan, or Colonel Philip Fernsly, who afterwards attested the articles of surrender on the part of the Commonwealth, and was delivered into the hands of the Governor, Captain Bellew, who gave word that a formal answer would be sent to the summons on the following morning. Bellew consulted his companions, Major John Dungan, Captain George Darcy, and John Wodisson, and it was resolved

to meet the summons in a corresponding spirit of courtesy. Successful resistance, in the present state of the garrison, was hopeless, and unless assistance reached them from the friends of the royal cause in the north, all idea of maintaining their position against the forces of Ireton should be abandoned.

Accordingly, the Governor returned the following answer :—

“ For the Lord Deputy and Commander of the Parliament Forces.

“ MY LORD,

“ This being your first Summons, I am not at this Instant prepared to give any Answer to it. I desire three Days’ Time to acquaint the Lord Bishop of Dromore with your Lordship’s Demands, and in the mean Time that no acts of Hostility be committed by your Lordship’s Army, the like being observed by the Garrison; by that Time your Lordship shall receive the Resolution of

“ Your Lordship’s Servant,

“ M. BELLEW.

“ *Carlow Castle, 3rd of July, 1650.*”

This request was acceded to, and Ireton proceeded to Waterford, leaving Sir Hardress Waller in charge of affairs at Carlow, with directions, if necessary, to prosecute the siege with vigour.

No assistance reached the garrison, and the sequel is briefly told. Sir Hardress shortly after drew out two cannon, and battered a tower belonging to the castle, which much discomfited the garrison; after which he cannonaded the town and took it, when Bellew surrendered the castle upon articles.

The curious inquirer will find a copy of these articles in Ryan’s “History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow,” pp. 185–6, where they are quoted from Borlase. They provided that the castle of Carlow, with the artillery, provision, arms, and furniture of war therein, should be forthwith delivered into the hands of Sir Hardress Waller; that all manner of persons in the castle should have quarter for their lives and goods, having one month’s time allowed them for removal, and passes to carry them to what places they should desire; that all officers and soldiers within the garrison should march with their horses and marching arms, and have a safe convoy to Lea Castle, and a pass for ten days’ march to Athlone (one of the remaining garrisons which maintained the royal cause); that all the “musquets within the said town should be allowed to march, with each of them one pound of powder, bullet, and match proportionable;” and that the inhabitants should have liberty to live in the town, and enjoy their corn, paying such contributions as others in their condition.

¹ “History of the Irish Rebellion,” Dublin, 1743, Appendix, pp. 26, 27.

These articles were strictly observed. The garrison marched out with the honours of war—the “musquets” with their pound of powder, bullets, and match—and the townsmen “enjoyed their corn” as theretofore.¹

This bloodless victory is said to have been won by treachery. No certain proofs, however, of this statement have ever been adduced. Carte, the biographer of Ormonde, indeed, states—“This treachery was now grown universal, arising sometimes from the fears of the inhabitants, and sometimes from the corruption, avarice, or cowardice of the garrisons of the towns, and was the cause of the loss of the castle of Catherlough.”

Tradition, however, indulges its freaks with regard to this supposed perfidy, and makes it the act of an old serving-woman of the castle. The legend is given in a note to Mr. and Mrs. Hall’s work on Ireland, from which I here quote it with the less reserve, having myself supplied it to the authors. It is given in the words of a gossiping old man I had the good fortune to meet as I one day stood to take an admiring view of the venerable ruin :—

“‘Do you see that large round breach in the wall opposite there, sir?’ was the question demanded of us, in reply to an inquiry respecting the origin of its present dismantled appearance. ‘Yes,’ we answered. ‘Pray can you tell us how or by whom it was effected?’ ‘To be sure I can.’ ‘Twas Crummel—Oliver Crummel, sir, who did it,’ replied the man, warming as he spoke, and assuming a tone of no small importance, as it were to show how fully he was acquainted with the subject. ‘Now, sir, if you were to see the castle on the other side, or to enter it and climb its walls, as I have often done in my youth, you would see that the spot in which

¹In two or three years after the surrender of Carlow the disbanding of Cromwell’s army took place, and many of his “Ironsides,” finding Carlow pleasant quarters, settled here. On the trial of William Hulet, one of the regicides, in 1660, the following evidence was given by a Captain Sampson Toogood :—“In the year 1653, there was a disbanding of the army in Ireland; this gentleman [meaning the prisoner] was then continued captain-lieutenant in Pretty’s regiment: I discoursed with Pretty concerning him, and one part of it, I remember, was about the King’s death; and he did tell me that he was assured by Colonel Hewson, that Hulet either cut off the King’s head, or held it up, and said, ‘Behold the head of a traitor;’ Colonel Pretty would not tell me which of the two it was; but I saw the person that

did it, and methought he did resemble this person. About twelve months after I came to live near the prisoner in Ireland; once, I remember, at one Mr. Smith’s, at the *White Horse*, in Carlow, I met him there, and I was asking the prisoner at the bar the question, whether he was the man that cut off the King’s head, or not? Saith he, ‘Why do you ask me this question?’ I told him, I had heard so by several, namely, by Hewson and Pretty; upon that he said, ‘Well, what I did I will not be ashamed of; if it were to do again, I would do it.’ Once since that time, about half a year afterwards, I was in the same place, and there talking with him about the King’s death; he was telling me it was true, he was one of the two persons that were disguised upon the scaffold.”—Hargrave’s “State Trials,” vol. ii. p. 387. London, 1776.

the breach is, is the weakest and least thick of any in the entire building; and well the crafty, cunning Crummel knew that when he planted his cannon right *forneest* that very part.' 'But how did he become acquainted with the fact of its being so?' we asked. 'Why, then, I'll tell you that, too, sir,' rejoined our friend. 'Well, you see, when the castle was besieged, the poor fellows who were shut up within it, after a short time, had nearly consumed all their provisions; and water, which, you know, will not keep fresh for any length of time, was the first to fail them. There happened to be in the castle two or three old women, servants of the governor, and as the loss of these was to be preferred to that of a single soldier, of whom there were barely enough to maintain the siege, recourse was had to the sending one of them during the night to the river, which, as you may see, runs hard by, for the purpose of drawing water to the castle. Well, as chance would have it, some of Crummel's soldiers wandering about at the time, fell in with the old woman, and carried her off to their camp, determined to have some sport out of the "Hirish hag." Learning, however, the object of the errand in which they had surprised her, and that she had been an inmate of the castle, they resolved to turn the circumstance to their best advantage, and accordingly promised her restoration of freedom, and a reward, provided she could conduct them into the fortress, or inform them of any way by which they would be likely to succeed in their designs. Frightened almost out of her wits by their threats, and now encouraged by their promises, she acquainted them with the fatal secret that that portion of the wall to which, on the inside, the staircase was fixed, was, in fact, the only point that would yield at all to their artillery. In short, after some time, they agreed on the following terms: that she, being sent back to the castle, should, about the middle of the ensuing night, ascend the stairs that conducted to the battlemented parapet surrounding the summit of the walls, and, standing by its edge, should hold forth a burning torch to signify the place where the frailty lay. Like a fool, as she must undoubtedly have been, and like a wretched dupe, as she proved herself, she kept her word, and exhibited, at the appointed hour, the signal agreed on; and Crummel, who had been most anxiously awaiting her appearance, instantly discharged his shot in the direction where the light was seen, and continued the battery until he succeeded in compelling the garrison to surrender. And now, let me tell you, that *she* was the first to meet her death on that occasion, the old hag, as she deserved, having been blown to atoms—the victim of her own treachery.'"—"Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.," vol. i. p. 404.